

2^d
PAX VOBIS,

OR,
WITS CHANGES:

TUNED

In a Latine *Hexameter* of P E A C E.

VVhereof, the Numerall Letters present the Yeare
of our LORD: and the Verse it selfe (consisting only of
nine words) admitteth 1623 seuerall *Changes* or
Transpositions, remaining still a true Verse: to the
great wonder of common vnderstanding.

With a Congratulatorie *Poem* thereupon, and some
other *Chronograms*, of the like numerall nature,
Expressing both the Yeare of our LORD, and the
Yeare of the KINGS Reigne.

Composed in celebration of this yeares entrance of his
Maiestie into the X X I. yeare of his blessed Reigne
ouer *Great Britaine*: and of the hopefull Iournall of
the thrice-Illustrious Prince CHARLES
into *Spaine*.

By RO: TISDALE of Graies Inne Gent:
Præsidium, non Ludibrium cano.

LONDON,
Printed by G. Eld and M. Fleisher. 1623.



The Booke to him that
will reade.

I Bring no Gold-end ragges, nor Candle-snuffes :
No Taylors Shreds, nor Ballad-mungers stufes :
No Antick ligges, nor Mimick Play-wrights sports :
No Pageant Pastimes, nor 'gainst paper forts,
Slight cracking fire-Squibs, and Potgun skirmish :
Wits richest ornaments my leaues doe furnish.
The Muse that till'd my Fallowes, sowes the seedes
Of Loue and Peace : and suffers not the weedes
To ouer-grow the Crop. I cannot wither,
Since his Georgick skill hath brought me hither.

Then reade me he that list.



TO THE KINGS MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTIE.

Greatest of *Casars*, Peace-maker of *Kings*,
James of great *Britaine*, whom all *Mules* sing,
 In stately *Panegyricks*, styling thee
 The *Prince of Peace*: that now with *Sabbaths* three
 Of *Halcyon* yeares, dost against all distresse,
 Crowne this thine One and twentieth *Annivers*!
 To thee (great *Cesar*) doe I send these lines,
 My fruits of Contemplation, and the signes
 Of an obieruant Subiect, that doth vaile him
 Vnder the wings of our great King of *Salem*!
 Great may thou euer be! in all things great,
 As is the Throne of thy Maiestick Seate!
 Great be thou in thy *Wisedome*! in thy State!
 In thy confederate Friends! in blessed Fate!
 In dayes of Warre! in holy times of *Peace*!
 But thrice more great be thou in thine increase.
 The *Oliue Branches*, that with thee together
 Cast a refreshing shade 'gainst stormy wether,
 To shelter vs thy Subiects! O in them
 May thou be euer greatest amongst men!
 That so like *Cedars* on Mount *Lebanon*,
 They may grow vp vntill all time be gon.
 Such is our hope: Heau'ns *Trinehood* sanctifies
 Thy *Trine* of *Sabbaths*, with felicities,

The Peace-
makers Sab-
bath.

A Dedication.

A duteous wish.

Hope made
assured.

A Rapture.

A passage to
the purpose.

Peace, the Sub-
iect of this
Poem.

Our Muse be-
gins to be
merry.

In *Hermion* dewes distilled on thy Crowne,
To makethy Lands his *Eden* of renowne.
This set the World at gaze, and this it was
Intranc'd my towring thoughts, with a surpasse
Of sweet *Elizian* apprehensions,
And ranshed my wits most choice Inventions.
So that the reuolution of my Muse
Found out no *Period*: till shee did transfuse
Her raptures through my braine, that made me gire
In Spherick motion, like Seraphick fire,
About *Lones* holy Altar. There I rest
A *Phoenix* in his Aromatick nest,
Glowing with duteous flames: till at the last,
The subtle fire through all my powers past,
Purging the drooping spirits of mine age,
And left me young againe, as on a Stage,
Where the gray-headed Father leaues the Sceane,
For sporting youth and mirth to interuene.
Giue way my grauer studies, cease my Muse
From thy sad Contemplations, and choose
A more ingenious, mirthfull, frolicke course
To iocund vp my bloud, like to the sourse
Of springing Riuolets, whose siluer bubbles
Playing on golden sands the current troubles,
And calls it back to daunce in wanton measure,
To their sweet murmurs and harmonious pleasure.
We are to sing the blessed songs of *Peace*:
Cast mourning off, and let cothurnals cease;
And whilst wee cheere our selues, let's take vpon's
Sweet Elegies, and light-foot distichons,
Of Ioy, and Triumph, Dauncing in a round,
Quaint Fairy-footings to the warbling sound
Of thy well-relished Musicke. See! shee smiles!
Rowles her quicke eye! and euen her selfe beguiles
With her selfe-changes! which she nimbly varies,
Into more then a thousand Iocundaries!

See,

See, see, (me thinkes) how like a gaineſome Swallow,
 Sometimes ſhe meaſures out the new-layd Fallow !
 Then ſweepes along on *Ceres* golden head !
 And then anon, as if ſhe ment to bed
 With *Flora*, on her golden Tapiſtrie,
 Shee ſeemes to kiſſe that ſpangled brauerie,
 Low as ſhee flies ! But by and by againe,
 In compaſſe-wiſe, taking another ſtraine,
 Shee windes about, and to the ſiluer ſprings,
 Swiftly makes way with her moſt nimble wings !
 Where for her paſtime only, ſhe doth wander,
 In crooked turnings like the wilde *Meander*,
 Making *Dedalian* Eddies in her flight,
 From the gray Morning till the gloomy Night,
 With trip and goe, facing the flowrie ground,
 High, low, thicke, ſhort, ſwift, ſlow, bound and rebound,
 Turne and returne, as Nymphes that tread *Canaries*,
 Whilſt eur'y ſteppe after an other varies
 In *Protean* meaſure. Not *Achelous*
 Wraſtling with *Hercules* can once out-goe vs
 In varying ſhapes. My Muſe and I out-braues
 The *Helitropian* Rainbow, on the waues
 Gathering a Chriſtall dew, wherein ſhe ſhowes
 The worlds rich paintures, all in ſeu'rall rowes.
 Nay the *Cameleon* or *Agrippa's* changes,
 That from one ſhape vnto another ranges
 With eu'ry mans conceit, comes ſhort of ours,
 Whoſe changes are like minutes to the houres,
 From Sunne to Sunne : whereof behold, and ſee
 One thouſand and ſixe hundred twenty three,
 In this nine-worded line : *A Salutation*,
 Or *Aue Caſar*, at his Coronation.

A Swallows
 flight ſilly de-
 ſcribed.

An Induction
 to the Changes

PAX TIBI, REX SALEM, PER TE GENS FLORIDA REGNAT. MDLXXIII.

Reade, and obſerue it well ! There ſhall you finde
 The Yeare of *Chriſt* : and in another kinde,

1 6 2 3.

For eu'ry yeare a seu'rall variation,
 From the first yeare of *Cbrists* first Generation:
 And yet the Verse still true, by Rule of Art
 So multiplied, as giues the World the start,
 Beyond *Bauhufius*, *Klepsius*, *Scaliger*,
 Who in their *Protean Changes* went so farre.

The Changes rung out:

6

12

18

24

Pax tibi Rex Salem, per te Gens florida regnat.
Pax tibi Rex Salem te per Gens florida regnat.
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Pax Rex Gens per te tibi Salem florida regnat.

30

36

42

48

54

60

66

The Changes after
this order
are about

1 6 2 3.
Hercules by his
foot.

A Celebration.

The King be-
ginneeth his
Reigne.

Solemnizeth
the Festivall of
Peace.

Which deligh-
teth.

GOD.

*Pax Rex Gens te per tibi Salem florida regnat.
Pax Rex te Gens per tibi Salem florida regnat.
Pax Rex te per Gens tibi Salem florida regnat.
& c. Omnia quotquot sumus unum.*

Tedious it were to reade, and more to write,
One thing so often: therefore I recite
Only a few for demonstration sake,
Whereof the *Muses* children soone will make
True vse and iudgement. Let the Bastard brood
On Garlick, Cheese, and Onions make their foode,
These stillified liquors of the braine,
Are not for them, nor for their rusticke vaine.
Therefore faire Sonnes, and Darlings of *Apollo*,
With your sweet Musick come and nimbly follow
In this Poetick round, that so we may
(Not as rude *Bachinalls*) together play
True Iouiall *Ganymedes*, sweet *Nectar* seruing
Vp to the Gods, whilst *Midas* issue staruing
In their owne golden grossnesse, haue their meede
For iudging *Phœbus* by *Pans* Oaten reede.
Sing and dance with me, celebrate this day
To mirth and pleasure, as the Birds in *May*;
For now the Vernall *Exaltation*,
Of our Maiestick Sunne, brings adequation
Of Night and Day: makes all things faire and cau'n:
Leuels confusion: and cals *Peace* from Heau'n,
To blesse our *Horizontall Latitude*,
With her harmonious sweets: and to conclude,
In his *Ascendent*, strikes with fingring tryall,
The golden wire of his *Phœbean Viall*.
That at the warbling *Tones*, a *Quire of Angels*
Descend to *Anthem* forth their sweet *Euangels*:
For a *Cronation Festivall of Peace*,
Whilst the Spring buds her liberall increase.
Nay more the *Trine-Vne Son'raigne Elohim*,
Deliciates on our *Ierusalem*,

And

And makes it his delight to view the Face
 Of beauntious *Peace* in this faire *Lookinglasse*
 Of his owne handy-worke. The glorious *Lampes*
 Of *Intellectuall Iubile* incampes
 Our holy *Sanctuary*, and with their Alarmes
 Affright proud *Warre*, and guard our *Peace* from harmes.
 The bright *Celestiall* wantons of the day,
 Exultant *Starres* that fought 'gainst *Sisara*,
 Shoot all their sweet aspects, that they may blossome
 The stems of *Peace*, in our rich *Edens* bosome.
 The wrangling *Elements*, whose Antipathy
 Corrupts, begets, brings forth, and doth destroy,
 Doe at the sound of *Peace* those *Iarres* attone,
 And with sweet concord sympathize in one.
 Birds caroll in the Ayer. And in the Sea,
 The scaly *Fishes* wantonly doe play.
 Wilde Beasts grow tame: and Rother Cattell sporting
 Safely licke vp their Fodder, in resorting (woods,
 The mountaines, plaines, hills, dales, groues, springs, and
 And Nectar-like suck in the siluer floods.
 The bleating *Yewes* their pretty *Lambkins* yeane:
 Then suckle them, till they be fit to weane:
 Then friske and toy together too and fro,
 As the young *Fawne* doth with the nimble *Doe*.
Ceres and *Flora* feast the rurall *Swaines*:
 And the wilde *Silvans* with their Musicke straines
 Doe consort at this Feast: sweet *Nymphes* and *Fayries*
 Trace with those *Rurals*, liggs, and quaint contraries,
 Treading their forwards, and their backwards so,
 That Opposites in *Vnisons* doe goe.
 And thus, and more then thus, *Natures* whole Frame,
 Like a sweet Organ sounding doth proclame
 The Musicke of our *Peace*, and *Sabbath* Rest,
 Islanded in with *Neptunes* watrie Breast:
 Whereof (great *Cesar*) thou support'st the Crowne,
 And sway'st the Scepter, raising thy Renowne,

Angels.

Starres.

Elements.

Birds.

Fishes.

Beasts.

Ceres and Flora.

All Natures
Frame.

The Sunne in
Aries.

Ann. Domini.
MDCVV VIII.
King. Reigne.
V V V I I I I I I.

21.

Obedience is
the best Sacri-
fice.

Dulce Bellum
inexpertis.

Warres vio-
lence.

As in *Ariete* the Worlds bright *Eye*,
Ascends the Throne of this yeeres Maiestie.
This yeare, the One and twentieth of our *Peace*,
And thy third *Sabbath* since all Warres did cease,
To cloud the day, or thunder-like to feare,
With sword, and fire, our royall *Hemisphere*.

JAMES BY THE GRACE OF GOD, IS A KING, NOVV NEVER VNHAPPY :
VVHOSSE THREE SEAV'NS OF YERES, IS A REIGN, IN A TRINITYE SABBATH :

By thee (great *Cesar*) haue we now attain'd
The flowrie times of *Peace*: and withall gain'd
The riches of that *Peace*. a flowing bountie,
Like Milke and hony thorow eu'ry Countie
Of this blest Kingdome. O! what retribution
Of thankfulness? or what Loue-Constitution
Shall we inact for this? Let men of State
Goe Parliament this cause with graue debate:
My Muse and I haue chosen for our part,
The sacrifice of an obedient heart,
Breathing sweet-smelling Incense of thank-giuing,
For our liues *Peace*, and that our *Peace* is liuing.
O vnexperienc'd folly! that the fire
Of sulphurous warre dost with such splene desire,
As to breake open *Ianus* Temple Gates,
And let out thence, the bane of settled States,
Sterne *Mars* attended with a hell of wonder,
Lightning and tempest, bloud, and dreadfull thunder,
To blast, and in her quiet bed to stifle
Calme *Peace*: Whilst *Rapine* doth inroad, and rife
Heau'ns blessings for a spoile and greedy pray,
That late adorn'd the *Sabbath* holy-day.
The surly winde, when *Boreas* claps his wings,
Vpon the Ocean not more fury flings;
Nor with more rage the gentle Spring-tide troubles,
When swelling waues one on another doubles,

Inforc'd

Inforc'd in that tumultuous heat to rore,
 And in that fury clamour on the shore,
 Then doth the gust of Warre, whose riotous brood
 Make Ruine, Bloud, and Death their only food :
 And once let loose, are not recalled backe,
 (Like a Sea-tempest) without losse or wrack.
 Why then you brain-sick wits, with whispring charmes,
 Seeke you to stirre our *Prince of Peace* to Armes?
 Your selues oft times nurse in your selues a fuell,
 That kindled doth inflame you to a Duell,
 Whereof too late with sorrow you repent,
 When tis past time such pastimes to preuent :
 And will you yet to warre? Conceiue it right,
 That Kings doe reigne, and haue in them the sight
 Of a commanding will, to rule and guide
 The ship of State, according to the Tyde,
 Ebbing or flowing, tempestuous or cleere,
 And in all wethers haue the Art to steere,
 Watchfull without neglect, or vaine Brauado,
 The course of this *Top-gallant* rich *Armado*.
 In which our place, is to obey, and serue,
 Not to direct, nor any way to swerue
 From the great *Master Pilots* sound direction,
 Through deepes, and shallowes, for our safe protection.
 Much lesse are we to question, or inquire,
 Into the secret, and sacrificke fire,
 That from aboue descending, doth consume
 The *Holocaust*, and beares it in perfume
 Vp to the Throne of *Ioue*. Secrets of State
 Are depths, by vs not fadom'd, but relate
 To the *Prime Motor*, who full well doth know
 The Art to gouerne, yet forbears to show
 To vs his Reason : that *Obedience* plying
 The taske in charge, e're any newes be flying
 Of the set *Project*, to safe end he may,
 All his designs successfully conuay:

The Art of Government in Kings.

Subiects must serue, not direct.

Decreta secreta.

Noli altum sapere.

Critick Satyrs.
1. Self-Wisdom.
2. Imitation.
3. Projection.
4. Translation.

A vaine colour
against Peace.

Licurgus warre.

Numa's Peace.

Which otherwise discover'd, might miscarry
In the rude vulgar sense, so apt to varie.
Now therefore you the *Phaetons* of *Pride*,
That thinke you can great *Phæbus* Chariot guide!
And make the horses of the *Sunne* Careere,
Vpon th' *Olympick* Battlements so cleere!
Beware! forbear! long since you haue beene taught,
Aspiring *Lucifers* doe come to naught:
They mount like blazing *Meteors*, but in vaine,
And owe dependance, yet reach *Kings* to reigne.
Such selfe-conceits, our *Critick Satyrs* beare,
Sir Politicke Woodbe, without wit or feare:
Furriwo Tacitus, speaking all State:
Doncel Denices, with the *Protean Pate*:
And *Curio Coxcombe*, that the rest surpasses
In breeding *Mules*, by horsing silly *Asses*?
All which doe strive to make *Us* *Subiects* deeme,
That the *State* doth a bunch of flesh esteeme
A very *Horne*, thereby to fly the Court,
As though 'twere danger thither to resort.
And so they cast a Cloud before the *Sunne*,
Keepe backe the Heart, and lay aspersion
On the bright face of kingly Maiestie,
To make themselves seeme wise in *Policie*.
So that if *Peace* the *Kings* faire *Object* be,
And that his minde be liberall and free
To foraine States, these Men call out for warre,
Say the Times rust, and that we trust too farre
These piping dayes of *Peace*, whilst *Lullaby*,
Sings vs asleepe with chaunting melody.
Fond men to thinke that *Kings* doe liue secure,
Or that they can the lazy drone endure,
Because they loue faire *Peace*! There's difference
Betwixt *Licurgus* mustring vp defence
In glistering Armes, and *Numas* golden reigne,
Where Thracian *Orpheus* doth his cunning straine,
Melodiously

Melodiously inchaunting eu'ry Eare,
 With *Siren* tunes from his sweet *Dulcimer*.
Securitie without due *Providence*,
 Disarmeth *Fortitude*, weakneth Defence,
 And giues the weapons vp vnto the Foe
 To conquer with. But here it is not so.
Augustus daies are now, who knowes that Warre
 Is to be kept vp so, that from a farre,
 The *Peace-disturbers* may affrighted stand,
 And *Peace* at home possesse the wealthy Land.
 A *Peace-providing-Warre*, not *Warring Peace*,
 Keepest Home in quiet, and out-broyles doth cease.
Peace well dispos'd, doth stand vpon her guard,
 Strong for defence: and yet no noise is heard
 Of clatt'ring weapons. Order is a terror,
 Inough in State to throw intangling Error
 On Warres Dedalian monsters, and affright
 The trembling hearts of *Envy* and *Despight*.
 Whereof, in Court Solemnities, we see
 A reddy Instance. Order and degree
 Duly obseru'd, is Maiesties defence,
 And into Men strikes feare and Reuerence.
 That whilst the guarding Holberdiers attend
 Guilded with gold not bloud, and the rich bend
 Of gen'rous *Pensioners* their Axes beare
 For State and Ornament, begins a feare
 To seaze the hearts of Men: then followes forth
 The noble rankes and Senators of worth,
 Who with a looke, or a white staffe at most,
 Make the knee bow, when the proud Heart doth boast.
 That so the vsh'ring Guard of Maiestie,
 May marshall on with duteous Industrie
 The Royall *Presence* Canopy'd in *Peace*,
 That like the *Sunne* makes cloudy stormes to cease.
 Who sees not this with vs? Great *Casars* care,
 And his great charge withall, brings a well-fare

Neither appro-
 ued.

Both in *Aug-*
ustus.

Order is a
 warre without
 weapons.

Court Maiestie.

Such is our
Cesar.

Intertainments
for Peace.

Peace, the Ob-
iect of Kings.

Sower care is a
sweet cure.

Spaines wel-
come to Peace.

Cant. 1. 10, 11,

To eu'ry *Nation*, and doth only tend
As in his owne *Horizon*, so to lend
A glorious lustre for the time to come,
Through all the *Zodiack* of *Christendome*.
This was the cause so many *Mercuries*,
And State-*Ambassadors*, with Eaglet eyes,
Winged dexteritie, right-ready feet,
And with *Caducean Ambassies* did meet
Of *Fertraignes* here in our *Star-shining Court*,
And so of ours abroad in equall sort,
To treat of (not alone for complement
But Intercourse of waight) each State-cuent,
Or hapned or to happen: that thereby,
Cloud-breeding vapors might eternally
Be scatterd, and dissolu'd, from our *Expansion*,
Where *Peace*, and *Majestie* haue made their *Mansion*.
Thus, and for this, thou holdst Intelligence,
(Great *Cesar*) with great States: and so from whence
The greatest garboiles rise, thy *Wisdom* chooseth,
All that doth make for *Peace*, the rest refuseth,
Though for the present losse. The troubled *Skie*,
A *Thunder-clap* sometimes doth rarifie:
And bitter *Pills* that Body must endure,
That for distempers seekes the Soueraigne Cure.
Though for a time thine owne deare Off-spring suffer,
And winged *Mars* ouer their confines houer,
Heauens *Providence* doth so thy *Wisdom* guide,
As out of such their Suffrings to provide
A gen'rall *Peace*: whereat already *Spaine*
Sweetly records, and glad doth entertaine
Th'uprising beauty, singing *Come, Come, Come*,
Thou Loue of Princes, Ioy of Christendome!
Behold (say they) cold Winters Northerne blast,
And showring Gusts of the South-winde are past:
Tempest & Rage grows calme, the Land doth blossome,
The fruits of *Peace* from out her flowry Bosome:

The

The pretty Birds doe chirpe with merry heart,
 Wherein the Doue and Turtle beare their part :
 The Fig. trees budde : and the broad-spreading Vines
 With clustring fruit one in another twines,
 To bid thee welcome : therefore *Come, Come, Come,*
Thou Loue of Princes, Ioy of Christendome.

12,

13,

14,

15.

Thou that the rugged footsteps of the Rocks,
 From sight of Men, and tender grazing Flocks,
 Hast wandred in, and lodg'd within the steepe,
 And secret couert of the vnknowne deepe:
 Faire *Peace* come forth, Let vs thy Beautie see,
 And heare thy voice ; comely, and sweet they be,
 Both to the amorous Eye, and curious Eare,
 And we are sicke with *Loue*. Then doe not feare
 The Foxes, nor their Cubbes, those little ones
 That spoile the Vines, and closely feede vpon's.
 They must and shall be taken vp, that wee
 As amongst flowers the hony-sucking Bee,
 May sit and taste the first new-ripen'd Grapes,
 And tie them short from their deuouring Rapes.
 This is thy welcome : therefore *Come, Come, Come.*
Thou Loue of Princes, Ioy of Christendome.

Yet more then this, behold the *Day-starre* cleere
 Deuiding *Light*, and *Darknesse*, doth appeare
 In our *Horizon*, vshering the *Sunne*
 In his *Ascendent*, and with Ioy fore-runne
 Our blessed *Inbile*. Not *Charles his Wayne*,
 The Glory of the North, nor *Charlemayne*
 The thrice resplendent *Maiestie of France*,
 With more illustrious Beautie could aduance.
 Their borrowed *Lights*, from greater *Influence*,
 Then *CHARLES of Britaine* doth in *Eminence*,
 From his transcendent Fathers *Royaltie*,
 Whilst he doth pace a graue *Enthalamie*
 Of *Loue*, and *Peace* : of *Loue* that *Peace* doth tender,
 Of tender *Peace*, that doth sweet *Loue* ingender :

A welcome to
 the Prince.

Peace invited.

That so in louing *Peace*, with *Peacefull Loue*,
The *Christian World* he may inuite and moue
To *Loue* and *Peace*. Come *Peace* and take thy place
As *Loue* hath done, to giue him welcome grace
That comes to welcome thee: and hand in hand,
Trace with him through the Cities of our Land,
In solemne Measure, whilst our Streets are hung
With liuely Pictures, Bewties that doe thrung,
To add a glorious lustre to your States,
Leading you on from the Portculliz'd Gates,
To the wide-open Armes of intertainment
In the Courts Royall Bosome. There Ordainment
(With acclamations that the Ayre will cleaue)
Is specially prouided to receaue
Peace and the *Peace-Maker*: Therefore *Come, Come, Come,*
Thou Loue of Princes, Ioy of Christendome.

The Heart and
Harpetogether.

Carping Igno-
rance.

This is the Song of *Spaine*: thus tunes the *Harpe*,
The *Heart* I hope. O then forbear to carpe
You enuious *Criticks* full of Spight, and Splene,
And let not *Selfe-Loue* make you ouer-wene
You know State-Secrets, and can iudge th'euent:
When (silly wormes) you know not *Iris Bent*,
Magneticall Vertues, or much lesse then this,
A bare remote *Antiperistasis*.

The Hearts of
Kings vnsearch-
able

And thinke you then to diue the Hearts of *Kings*,
That Heau'n hath made vnsearchable? you want wings
To soare the height, *Plumblin*e to reach the Deepe
Of the *Kings Tunnell*: Then cry *Chimney-sweepe*
In meaner place of *State*, doe not aspire
To timber vp the *Priny-Chamber Fire*.
But why doe I (great *Cesar*) sully dutie
In this foule Poole? and leaue th'admired beautie
Of *Loue* and *Peace*, who now so well deserues
The best amongst mine old and aged Nerues
To doe them seruice? O ! it stirres my blood,
To see in these faire daies of *Peace*, a Brood
Of *Cadmean* Brothers, Serpentine by Birth,

Cadmus broode.

To stirre Confusion vp amidst our Mirth.
 But let them goe ! whilst they themselues deuour,
Pallas shall make our *Peace*, and lend vs *Power*,
 Triumphantly to raise our *Cittadell*,
 Wherein sweet *Loue* and *Peace* shall euer dwell.
 Now then my Muse to *Loue* and *Peace* againe
 Turne backe thine eye ! we left them late in *Spaine*.
 Nor let vast *Neptunes* glassie *Uvidum*,
 Frothing his bosome with the spungy scumme
 Of weather-beaten billowes, make thee flagge
 Thy nimble plumes, nor in thy flight to lagge !
 But still sing *Loue* and *Peace* ! and in that Song
 From *Syon* wals glide gently all along
 The salt greene *Ocean* by the selfe-same way
 Our Royall *Prince* cut passage through the Sea,
 And in thy flight *caroll* vpon the waues,
 That the fleet *Dolphin* as he swims, and laves
 His wanton fins, may there result and daunce
 In measure to thy tunes ! the *Tritons* praunce
 The lofty *Billowes* ! and the *Sea-nymphs* all
 Their sense-inchanting *Sirens* forth may call,
 To consort with thee *Numerals* of wit,
 For this yeares Spring-solemnity most fit !
 And open to our Eares with Musicks Keyes,
 His *Uvidum vici*, hauing crost the Seas.

V V I D V M V I C I.

V *Vertue* leade on ! *Loue* steer'd thee on the *Maine*,
 V *Untill* thy *Keele* had cut the surging *Deepe* :
 I *Inchanted* at the which, the liquid *Plaine*
 D *Droue* gently on, as it had beene asleepe,
 V *Unto* the *Shore*, and led thy *Barke* to land,
 M *Made* happy by thy footing. Safe from *Sea*,
 V *Vertue* is now arin'd : then doe not stand
 I *Inquiring*, but well-guided make thy way.
 C *Crost* now thou hast the moyst vngouern'd *Flood*,
 I *In Peace* goe on ! make *Peace* our sou'raigne Good !

C

No

A Retreat fol-
 lowing the
 Prince to Sea.

MDCVVVVIII.

1623.

The Prince is
come to Spain.

* Adornment.

Vnknowne for
a time.

He sent Marq:
Buck.

The King of
Spaine.

Diuers fights
one of another
before they
met.

No sooner mount'd on the welcome Shore,
This Princely *Heros* (as if *Lone* had bore
His Vertues forth on winged flames of fire,
Fuell'd with Honour, and blowne with Desire)
Swiftly puts on for *Spaine*, to Beauties Court,
The *blandishment of State, and choice resort:
Where *Cinthian* Deities in siluer roabes,
Studded with golden Starres kept their abodes,
To welcome Vertue. Here at first vnseene,
Vnknowne, and vnexpected of *Lones* *Queene*,
In a gray morning Cloud, he made retire,
Sending before him an *Eöan* Fire,
To vsher on his *Greatnesse*, ere he came
To show himselfe in his *Maiesticke Flame*.
Nor sooner did this day begin to breake,
But at his glorious lustre and his heate,
The early *Larkes* op'ning their pretty eyes,
Tun'd warbling and delightfull *Tirilies*,
With *Tirili, tiri, terlere* doubling,
As *Eccho's* to the siluer sounding bubling
Of chrystall Springs: at which the lympid *Ayer*
Rung forth a Chirme of descantings so rare,
As neuer sweeter welcome yet did hap,
At the *Sunnes* rise, from *Thetis* watrie lap.
And not alone these Court *Acredula's*,
Sunne-honoring Musicians, with their Laves,
But eu'n the *Towring Eagle* at the sight
Of this Day-breaking Beautie, such delight
Tooke to his heart, as that he soar'd aloofe
In royall compasse, only to make prooffe
Of fitting entertainment: like *Lones Bird*,
First one, and then another, then a third,
And many many pleasing lookes out-glaunced,
Ere he to his plumb-height himselfe aduanced:
And then stoopt fairly downe, with delight led,
To stellifie the louely *Ganymed*.

Now

Now are they met, in Maieſty; and State,
England and *Spaine*: weake am I to relate
 The *Greatneſſe* and the *Beauty*: It requires
My Muſe ſhould winged be with *Iouiall* fires,
 To mount the Verticke of that *Pyramis*,
 Where ſhe ſhould foot when ſhe attempteth this.
 Let it ſuffice, the ſtreets were beautified,
 And Art and Nature both together tried
 Their vttermoſt of ſkill, how to prepare
 Out of both Rarities one triumphant faire:
 Art furniſht was with quaint imagery:
 And Nature with moſt choice variety:
 Each ſide was richly hung: the wayes for foot
 Gorgeouſly trim'd: and liuely Starres did ſhoot
 From euery window: ſo that ſhould the Eye
 Haue ſtaid to gaze, and not haue paſſed by,
 With glancings onely, Men would there haue thought
 In ſome ſtrange Rapture that they had beene brought
 Into an *Eden*, or *Elizian Bower*,
 Or vp into the great *Olympicke Tower*,
 Where ſparkling *Carbuncles* like fire doe ſhine,
 And *Phæbus* glowes with *Maieſty* diuine.
 Thus was the paſſage furniſht. But to ſhow
 The glorious ſtate that by that way did goe,
 Were as if that ſome Mortall ſhould aſpire
 The *Pyromanticke Battlements* of fire,
 In which *Aſtræa* and the *Graces* went
 With heau'nly Deities to their Parliament.
 Therefore (deare Muſe) looke on my Almond tree
 Bloſſom'd with Age, whereon th'*Hyblean* Bee
 Forſakes to light! and how the Sunnes decline
 Coldly ſets on my ſnowy *Apænine*.
 And thou wilt ſloop thine ouer-daring flight,
 As too weake ey'd in ſuch a glorious Light.
 It is enough, by priuiledge of State,
 A ſober penne but lately did relate,

C 2

The King and
Prince meet.The Princes
entertainment
in State.A poeticall
modesty.The Iournall
in print.

In

Duty glorifies
Maieſty.

Maieſty com-
forts Duty.

To fiſh in trou-
bled waters.

Duty takes
leaue.

In a true feeling ſenſe, this royall March
Through that faire paſſage in the Month of *March* :
Which who that reades, may in that Iournall find
Rich ſhowes of welcome with a welcome mind :
And how our Princely *Heros*, and his Traine,
Cloath'd in Spaines *Maieſty* had their Entertaine,
With Honor and Magnificence. The day
Had amorous lookes, as when the Sunne doth play
On wanton *Tanais* Cheekes. No gloomy Night
Had power to cloud, or ſhut vp the delight
Of this dayes Triumph, that did brauely muſter
An Army royall of bright Lampes of Luſtre,
Sunnes, *Moones*, and *Starres* greater and leſſer *Lights*,
Carbuncles, *Diamonds*, and *Chryſolites*.
So that from ſome were ſhot State glorious Beames :
From ſome ſubordinate and ſparkling Gleames :
And from them all together ſuch a Beauty,
As Maieſty was glorifi'd with Dutie,
And Duty comforted with Kingly State,
That *Peace* thereby might be perpetuate.
In brieſe, this day was a bright-burning *Pharos*,
That from Sea-tempeſts, to the quiet *Warehouse*,
Conducted on our weather-beaten *Peace*,
And in one Welcome made all Warres to ceaſe.
Welcome to ſhore ſweet *Peace* ! and let not men
That behind vs doe liue out of the ken
Of this ſafe Port, thinke it ſo good to fiſh
In troubled waters, as to haue their diſh
Flowing at home with Plenty; void of Care;
That both for health and Pallat doth prepare
Delicious dainties. But forbear my Muſe !
And now begin a lower courſe to chuſe !
Take leaue to leaue our Princely *Heros* there,
Where *Peace* and *Loue* with their *Ambroſian* cheare
No doubt will feaſt him ! and returne we home,
Till his moſt wiſht returne ! Cut ſhort this Tome,

With

With thy prophetick wishes of the times,
 That may hereafter fill thy numbring Rimes
 With ioyfull acclamations ! Pray to heau'n,
 That his Returne be fortunate and Eau'n
 In the most curious Eyes ! That his designes,
 May in Euent answer these royall signes,
 Of *Loue* and *Peace* ! and so, as he hath shon
 Abroad a Comet, he may thence lead on
 That *Loue* and *Peace*, still shining in his *Glory*,
 To make this *Journall* an eternall Story,
 To after-Ages, of his Princely cariage,
 And the felicity of a royall *Mariage* !
 And so take to him two attributes of State,
MICVI, DVXI, and both fortunate.

A Subjects
 prayer.

Whereof receiue this Chronogram.

SHINE HONORS HEROS, MAKE THY BRIDE THY SPHERE!
 FOR VVE IN HER EXPECT A HAPPY YEARE.

The yeare of
 our Lord in
 two words.

MDCXVIII.
 1623.

And then this Epithalamium.

M *May not old Age, yet sing an April Song,*
 I *Iug, Iug, Tru, Tru, sweet notes of Philomele !*
 C *Come Iuno ! for to thee it doth belong*
 V *Vp in Loues Syngraph sacred Rites to seals.*
 I *Iug, Iug, the Plainsong be of Iugall Loue !*
 D *Descant then Tru, Tru, as the Dance is led !*
 V *Vertue will so in a sweet measure moue :*
 X *Xanthus his golden Armes shall open spread,*
 I *Imbracing fruitfull Beauty to his Bed.*

And to this Song, let men and Angels fit
 Their ecchoing Close, *Amen* ! and So be it !

The Perclose.

The Author
arriues in the
Port.

His fraught.

His custome to
be paid.

His *quietus est.*

His offer of
seruice.

THUS in large Sea-roome haue I now cut short
My voyage, and haue anchor'd in the Port.
But before I my merchandize doe land,
Your Maiesties Custome doth the Law command
First to be paid. The Treasure of my Barke
Is the sweet *Incense* of an humble heart,
And I must pay *Obedience*. Tis true Coyne,
Not counterfeit: Nor doe I cast *Elsoyne*,
To put off payment: Currant is my dealing,
In ready pay: I loue no Custome-stealing:
Nor flatt'ring *Quicksiluer*: Duty I owe,
And ready am to pay it ere I goe.
Tis but a drop I offer, yet I pray
Receiue it in the Bosome of your Sea.
A poore mans mite comes from as free a spirit,
As those that haue the gifts of larger merit.
All's but one *Line*, yet doth it multiply:
Then place it in your learned Treasury,
Though in the lowest roome. One sparke of wit
Fuell'd with Duty, is in time made fit
To make a *Bonfire* of *Triumph* and *Ioy*,
To welcome *Peace* into our wals of *Troy*.
Accept it then (dread Lord) and make me blest
With your high fauours rich *Quietus est*.
So shall I not alone stirre vp my powers
To burgeon in the lap of Winter, Flowers
Of fragrant smell, and teach mine aged penne
Deeply to trench into the hearts of men,
And sow sweet *Loue* and *Peace*: but I shall pray
With an aspiring zeale both night and day
(As free from flattery, as dull stones from reason,
My Soule from Atheisme, or my Heart from Treason)
That *Englands Caesar* may in *Peace* this Realme
Gouerne the yeares of old *Methusalem*:

And

And see the branching Vines of his owne Root,
 Like Armelets twine together round about
 Our *Eden* of fayre *Peace*. So men as farre
 More at the face of *Peace*, then frownes of warre,
 Shall feare affrontments. Or if *Babel* dare
 To stirre Confusion, they shall make a snare,
 To nooze themselves: and when their Dragons Taile
 Striues most to sting, and our bright Starres assaile,
 That day of Triumph, *Englands* golden *Lyon*
 Shall ruine *Antichrist*, and build vp *Sion*.

His Prophecie.

And so I rest, faithfull, and still the same;
 Wishing I could my seruice fitly frame
 To all occasions, as this *Vers*e doth raise
 His Changes forty thousand sev'rall wayes.

Multiplex &
semper idem.

40020. wayes.

Lex mihi Lux: sic Rex, cen Sol, dans lumina, Ius sit.

OBSEQUIO, NON FIDE MVLTIPLEX.

MDLXXVIII.

1623.

Ro: Tisdale.

To the enuious Criticke.

CRitick, what sayst thou now? wilt thou still snarle
 At our blest Peace? Reap Good, and play the Carle
 Amidst thy Barnes of plenty? Rather turne
 Thy fangs at me, snarle, scratch, bite, kick, and spurne,
 At ev'ry Line thou read'st! I haue a spirit,
 Knowes how to giue thee such a scornfull whirrit,
 As it shall make thine enuious Cheekes to blush,
 And sanguine palenesse with the sudden flush
 Of thine owne shame. Be better then advis'd!
 Lest vnawares to thee thou be surpris'd,
 For offering Peace such enuious Oppression,
 And Iustice bindeth thee to the Generall Session.
 And as for me, if thy leane mager Lines
 Wanting both blood and life, the very signes
 Of barren Enuy, needs will carpe, and sting,
 At the intreasur'd Riches which I bring
 Of Peace and Loue: or at my towering Muse,
 That many thousand Compasses doth choose,
 In soaring as she doth so high a flight:
 Carpe and sting on! And so I say good night!
 Wishing that if my Numerals thou scan,
 Commend them or amend them if thou can.

F I N I S.

